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CHAS. GREGG, Sec'y.
Carver Alliance, No. 204, meets on the 2d
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Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

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NUMBER 29.

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Old Times.

Ed. Register.—My early childhood days at my old home I often sat by my grandmother's chair, and now, how plain I can, in my mind's eye, see her sitting in her low rocker with that same old yellow blanket spread over the back of the chair, and a large red handkerchief over her shoulders, and a white cap all plaited and ruffled with big bows on top and on the back, and around her neck a string of large gold beads, as she sat in the twilight humming some old song or ditty, or as she would sit and talk of her girlhood and early life in the new country of that time, for that was over a hundred years ago. How she would talk of the wild beasts of the forests, how close I would draw my chair to her side. I shall never forget one story she often told of two of their neighbor men. How they took their old flint-lock muskets, and would go out on a hunt to get meat for their families, and how on one cold snowy day they went and had got separated. One of the men called to his friend; as he received no answer, he called again. Just then an arm of his friend fell at his feet, and as he looked up, there lay an awful large panther, who had killed his friend and had eaten him up, and was just on the point of jumping down on him. The man raised his musket and shot the panther. Now, that might have all been true, for in that old climate wild animals became more fierce with cold and hunger. I little thought as I sat and listened to these fearful stories that in a few years I should come face to face with such animals. When we came to this valley there were a good many panthers in the mountains. When I asked my old hunting tutor about them he said, "Yes, there are just lots of panthers around here, and all sorts of varmints, but you need not be afraid of them, for a 'painter' won't touch you unless he can jump on you when you don't see him. If you come across one don't run but just keep your eye on him; he won't jump on you as long as you keep your eye right on him, and when you lie down to take a nap in the mountains get up close to a ledge of rock or a big log, and lay your gun across yourself, and when you wake up don't stir or move a hand until you have looked all around you for a 'painter,' if he finds you asleep, will sit down a little distance from you and wait and watch for you to get up. If you should find one watching you, move your hands just as easy and steady around until you can get your sights on his eyes, then fire." I have found all wild animals will stand and watch any slow move you may make, but you just make a quick sudden movement, and they will make a dash.

Now in this country there were, on certain kinds of soil, thick patches of a kind of oak (sound oak or black jack) that grew very close together, the berries covered with limits and these with a thick coat of leaves that never fall off like other trees, but stay on until the new leaves come on in the spring, and these trees bear immense crops of acorns, which cover all the little limbs and twigs. All kinds of fowls, and animals, such as deer, coons, opossums, turkeys, wild ducks, quails, are very fond of these acorns. Such places are splendid hunting grounds. All such animals as panthers, wolves, lynx, catamounts, foxes all love to hunt such places to catch their game. So it often happens while man is there hunting he will come across some of those creatures hunting too.

When I first began to hunt nights all alone, no dog, no nothing but my old Betsey on my shoulder and a big hunting knife in my belt, I often came across some of those animals. I remember one night, about the holidays, I started out about the time everybody was going to bed. I had just reached one of those thickets of black jack, as I was moving slowly along, looking for turkeys, I heard one of the most piercing, agonizing, heart-rending screams. It came upon me with such terrible, startling effect, my heart almost jumped in my mouth. My hair fairly stood up, my legs failed me. I stopped and stood still. In a few minutes the awful stillness of the night was broken by another of those screams. I felt as though I wished the ground under me would open and let me drop down into the earth. I never in all my after life had so much trouble to keep my legs under me. O they just wanted "to git!" I had to talk to my legs "stand your ground, your own, my brave," but I tell you it was hard work to make them mind. I stood still and listened and watched. In a few minutes I heard the panther come bounding towards me, I drew down old "Betsey" ready for service. When the panther got about fifty yards of me he stopped and I crouched down close to the ground and commenced crawling along on the ground. I stood with gun ready to shoot as soon as he would show himself a little better. Oh, how I wished I was at home in bed; what would I have not given if I could swap places with some one else that was willing to trade. I stood, and as he crawled in a light spot where the moon shone through the thick foliage I brought my gun to my face, but he was too quick for me for he glided across the light spot before I could get a sight on him. I tried several times

to get my sights on him but it was so dark looking towards the ground I could not see the sights. O how I did long for a little light. As that panther came a little nearer and a little nearer, I began to move one foot a step back, carefully feeling the way with my foot. My old tutor had always told me no animal will jump on you as long as you keep your eye on him, except a lynx. So I, step by step, backed off, while, inch by inch, the panther advanced. I could see him all the time for he had got in jumping distances and all the time kept up a kind of purring noise. How he did swing that long slim tail and watch! I don't think I ever tried as hard to look another out of countenance. O, I tell you, it was tiresome making my way slowly backwards, but I knew about two hundred yards behind me the woods were more open and if I could reach the light woods, I would either get a shot or he would stop, until I had got in the dark again. After what seemed hours, I at last came into the light, but still went backwards, until I had put a good distance between us. Then I said, "Now legs have your own way," and didn't they? but before I had gone but a few hundred yards out came another of those blood-curling yells. I stopped stock still; and here he came bounding after me again. When he saw me again he stopped and then we had it over again, I on the retreat, he on the advance, and so we had it until, at last, I got out in the open woods. With no more scare and strife we parted company, and do you wonder that afterwards, when I got a chance at him or some of his relations, fire-hunters, I was glad to pay him off for his treating me so mean.

My Editor, as I now, at this time of my life and at this distance look back at those scenes, I wonder how I even escaped as well as did; I do not now feel now at the tears my mother shed for me. But I often think it makes one ruthless to be told often and often, "you will never live to be a man, and that you will never be of any account." Which one of my physicians often would tell me, "It is no matter whether you live or die, you must account no how." Well, it is a road we travel, but now. I think it is wrong to use such expressions to one that has such suffering to endure, without being made to feel you are a burden to society. But that is the way with the world, when one is down there on all hands some ready to help, old him down. So goes the world. Yet how little it costs to speak a kind word. It is cheap, and often does more good than money. Kind words never die. T. P. R.

Republicanism Illustrated.

The electric light companies present strong arguments in favor of their petition for the abolition of the tariff on copper pipe, plate bars, rod and wire. The copper mines of Lake Superior, they urge, "are the richest mines in the world and the most easily worked. Copper produced in this country is constantly sold in England at a lower price than it is sold in this country, and it has happened that lake copper has gone all the way to London, and after being sold there, has been re-transported to New York, where, after paying the duty, it has met in competition copper from the same mines, which has reached the market by the shorter and less expensive route of the lakes and the Erie Canal."

This statement of fact may appear extraordinary, but it is in line with the ordinary and necessary result, wherever "protected" articles are expected. All protective duties operate to prevent exports by forcing unnatural prices at home, and inviting manufacturers to limit the supply to the market in which these unnatural prices are obtained. But wherever there is export of an article so protected, it must come down to the prices of fair trade and free competition as soon as it gets from under our discriminating laws and is put on its merits in an open market.

The duty on copper does not ordinarily produce revenue, as it is too high to allow any considerable importation even if we did not have copper enough to supply this market. In 1888 we exported 25,000,000 pounds, every pound of which would naturally be sold cheaper in the open market of London than in the closed market of the United States.

Messrs. Harrison, Blaine and other subsidy advocates argue that in order to have an export trade, we must pay the freight out of the treasury. The enormity of the discrimination against the American consumer is best appreciated in the light of such facts as these which show that the taxes we pay to keep prices high at home result in giving foreigners lower prices in our exports of protected goods than we can get at home. How entirely audacious and consummately Republican is this Harrison administration proposition that we should now proceed to pay the freight of exports of protected American articles which are already sold to foreigners at least 25 per cent. cheaper than we can buy them.—Republic.

Go to Payton Martin's Livery for Stable Buggies, Hacks, and for accommodations for Picnic excursions. New rigs and good horses.

Protection Denounced by Protectionists.

Some time ago a bill was introduced into the legislature of Pennsylvania to protect the farmers from the cheap beef of the west. The Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, which is the organ of the Protectionist Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, said of this attempt to protect our farmers: "The real intent of the measure appears to be to discriminate in favor of the farmers of Pennsylvania as against the concerns in the west which flood this market with cheap beef. The objections to such a measure are many and forcible. If Pennsylvania shall undertake to legislate against an important western product, she must expect retaliation which will place her industries at a disadvantage in the western markets. The game is of a kind that two can play at, and the state which has the larger industries always has the odds against it in such a struggle. The proposed scheme is in effect a device for the protection of certain industries of this commonwealth from the rivalry of other states, and is, therefore, a deliberate attempt to interfere with the operation of that system of free trade between the states which is essential to the national prosperity. . . . If we may protect Pennsylvania from Illinois, we shall soon find occasion to protect Montgomery County from Bucks, and Philadelphia from both. The short way to kill the entire protective system is to make it ridiculous."

The Marrow of the Dispute.

We have constant agitation for the amelioration of the industrial people of the land. That they have wrongs to redress is not disputed, but they have hitherto sought almost every remedy but the right one.

As long as the industrial masses will vote to tax themselves for the benefit of monopoly classes, just so long will labor have oppression and unrest. When the workingman must pay 47 cts. out of his \$1 earned as taxes to swell an already overflowing treasury, it is mockery to say that there is protection to labor. There is protection to monopoly; there is only oppression to industry.

The true and the only remedy for the workingmen of the country is to take a positive stand and resolutely vote against all needless taxes on the necessities of life and against all taxes on the raw materials of our productive industries. That would assure protection to labor and it would assure mutual interests between labor and capital.

A Serious Condition.

The people are beginning to understand that no official can so easily serve corporations and the public at the same time. For nearly thirty years the drift of legislation has been to deprive the people of rights they enjoy, or abridge those rights, or to grant additional privileges to corporations. A public orator once said that it was impossible for any legislative body to meet and transact business without interfering, abridging or denying some of the rights previously possessed by the people. Perhaps the reader will look in vain for contradiction of this statement. It is true that no direct attack is made upon the constitution in its more important features, but there is nevertheless a continual encroachment. The right of eminent domain is drifting from the states to the government, and indeed it is a question if the states really possess this right to-day, and while this is going on one class of people are urging the government to seize the railroads, telegraph lines, etc., in the interests of the public. Then there is a class of law-makers who devote their energies and time to voting privileges to corporations and denying the people the power of redress by local government. And every year the citizen feels himself more and more restricted, until backed by such men as money will control, the danger line has been very nearly reached.

Before long the people will arise in their strength and overthrow those who now ignore their just complaints. Then men will be elected to office to serve the people, and not to serve the powers which thrive best when the rights and property of the private citizen are between the upper and nether millstone.

Blame and Subsidy.

Every reader of Mr. James G. Blaine's published writings, more especially of his *chef d'oeuvre*, the Mulligan Letters, knows that astuteness is his most characteristic quality, but there is further evidence of it in the way he attaches himself to Mr. Gladstone, in what is ostensibly an argument for a high protective tariff, but is really an appeal for money as subsidies for favorite corporations—"pet" corporations, if we may borrow a phrase that was a favorite with Mr. Blaine in the last campaign. Every one of these subsidies has an ulterior motive, cast to the windward, and certainly no man in this country can do that work so delicately and skillfully as the one

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who talked of suicide to Mulligan and afterwards rose in the House of Representatives to take the country into his confidence.

But with all his astuteness, he over-reaches and defeats himself. Why is this appeal for subsidy—for the purchase of trade by tax money, except a confession that high tariff taxation has failed on the vital point of producing trade? Mr. Blaine admitted as much in the last campaign when he argued that "the Home Market" was the only market for Americans.

Now we are told that if we will spend as much in bounties for ocean trade as we have spent for railroads in the "Home Market" we can have some other market besides the Home Market. It is the cry of the horse leech's daughter, "give! give!"—more and higher taxation to do what high taxes have undone.

At an immense expense of public and private money we have built a system of railroads in the Home Market to move to the sea board, and the Home Market will not consume. Eighty per cent. of these are agricultural, and so the farmer pays a railroad capitalization. The Federal, State and county subsidies for these railroads and such subsidies result in gross an inconceivable amount—do not in the least lighten the railroad tariff which is uniformly calculated on the capitalization.

This is a statement of fact, not a protest. The evils of the railroad tariff will cure themselves, as they are unsupported by law.

But what is now proposed is that bearing this burden and the added burden of ocean tariff both ways, paying a heavy Custom House tariff tax on all purchases, the agricultural producers, who are almost the only exporters, shall proceed to pay export freight on manufactures in order to enable the protected manufacturer to send abroad "that would break down prices if it were thrown on the 'home market'."

No assurance, however, is given, short of that which enabled Mr. Blaine to read in the House the damning proof of his own corruption, would have been adequate for proposing this scheme of plunder to a people so robbed as the people of the United States already are.

We have no export trade of manufactured goods worth mentioning, because the tariff restricts trade in manufactures to the home market. When this is conclusively demonstrated, the answer of these experts in public plunder is that more money must be paid to the favored manufacturer. We must pay freight for the manufacturer by giving public money to steamship companies, so that they can afford to carry to foreign markets American manufactures, which are there to be sold to foreigners cheaper than they are sold at home, as they must be as long as our market is closed and foreign markets open to free competition.

This affront is so great that it makes Mr. Blaine almost miserable. He is a man of many sides in anchor casting. It is hard to believe that a person of such assurance is the same man who cringed to Fisher, "almost waded down on his knees" to Fisher's clerk and writhed in the anguish of the humiliation of the first exposure that he was an ordinary jobber and vulgar corruptionist. What other man in the country could carry so well the load that this man carries—that he constantly increases? Who else than James G. Blaine could take the world into his confidence and argue that where government "is a matter of favoritism," casting anchors to the windward is the highest statesmanship and public jobbery the chief among political virtues.—Republic.

Sir Walter's Biography.

Sir Walter Scott's diary is about to be published, it is stated, although there are reasons for believing that he never intended it should be. A small portion was used in Lockhart's life. But Sir Walter wrote with all the freedom of privacy, and his son-in-law wisely declined to commit the bulk of the work to print. Mere matters of taste are not so highly regarded now. As Tennyson wrote years ago. For now the poet cannot die. Nor leave his music as of old. But round him 'ere he scarce he cold Begins the scandal and the cry: "Proclaim the faults he would not show: Break lock and seal; betray the trust: Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just." The many-headed beast should know. It would be absurd of course to suppose that in these days the wishes of a dead author would prevail against the desire to make a sensation. Thackeray's request that an elaborate biography of him be published has so far been observed; but perhaps the fact that the material for such a work is in the possession of his daughter accounts for this singular reference. Scott has no one left with authority to speak for him.—Jefferson City Tribune.

To the Citizens of Ironton and the Valley Generally.

The undersigned, being one of a committee of three to select a place of meeting for the South East Missouri Teachers' Association which will be held on the 9-10-11 of July, 1890, would be pleased to do what he can to secure the meeting for Ironton, if so be that the citizens of that town desire to have it held there. The object of this notice is that the people may have ample information and give an expression when questioned as to what they desire and will to toward getting this meeting. Respectfully,
S. E. DEWEY, Sec'y S. E. Mo. T. A.

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